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# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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MRS. ALMERIC HUGH PAGET (*née* WHITNEY).

(See page 15.)



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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1895.

## ALL AMONG OURSELVES

EVERY man has a paradise around him till he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden; and even then there are holy hours when this angel sleeps, and man comes back, and with the innocent eyes of a child looks into his lost paradise again—into the broad gates and rural solitudes of Nature.—LONGFELLOW.

Is there anything at all in this third term talk?

Some months ago the *World* of this city took up the subject, to show there was little if any precedent against the third term; but lately it has said nothing one way or the other. The *Sun* discusses it from day to day with much patience of research, to show that Congress, former Presidents and other eminent public men regarded a third term as undesirable. Now the *Herald* contends that when its own columns used to bristle some years ago with philippies against Cesarism and a third term for General Grant, the object was to prevent a military man from gaining such ascendancy in the nation as a third term would have given. But for a civilian, the *Herald* says, it would be all right. A third term for President Cleveland would be just the thing for the Democracy.

The taking up of this fundamental topic, on the part of both the *Sun* and the *Herald* at this time, is only a sample of the philosophy of journalism as understood by Dana and Bennett. They know the discussion in their columns will attract more or less the attention of the press throughout the country. The advocacy of the third term by the *Herald*, now, in the face of its former record in the historic Cesarism articles, means simply that the *Sun* has got ahead of it in opposition; and that the *Herald* is now ready, as one-time monopolist of the subject, to make a fine distinction between the military brass buttons of Grant and the ample civilian toga of Cleveland. It is barely possible, too, that the *Herald* means to destroy whatever chance of success the Democracy may have in 1896, by inducing the fourth nomination of the present incumbent of the White House. It is journalism—*et propter nihil*—anyhow.

Fair world! these perturbed souls of ours grow weak With beating their brassed wings against the rim That bounds their strong flight, when they seek The distant and the dim—JEAN INGELOW.

Not long ago the English Thunderer published a sensational dispatch to the effect that Russia and China had signed a treaty that practically made the Flower Kingdom a dependency of the Czar. China, Japan, Russia and everybody interested have denied that any such treaty exists or that any such arrangement is contemplated. In his recent speech at the Lori Mayor's banquet in the Guildhall, London, Lord Salisbury very placidly referred to "the false news that appeared a

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week or two ago, not because he thought the news of particular importance, but because the opinion it evoked in regard to it was a very noticeable phenomenon."

It may be remarked that the *Times* fake is a phenomenon still more noticeable. The warlike talk of the London press was also quite noticeable. Then, on the heels of the warlike talk came a London press proposal to this country that we join with Great Britain to resist French and Russian encroachments in the Pacific, in order that we might, some time, protect our own Pacific interests. The extreme Anglo-American section in New York, Boston and Chicago are still discussing an Anglo-American alliance in the Far East to resist Russia and hold the Pacific for the English-speaking peoples.

The *Times*, Lord Salisbury and the Foreign Office have learned that Russia and China are not yet united. But they knew that before the false news. They have learned that, while this country is much interested in the settlement of the Armenian question, we are not in a hurry for the alliance of English-speaking peoples in the Far East to resist Russia. So that, when Lord Salisbury in his Guildhall speech comes to the Sultan and the demands of the Powers, his utterances are more to the point and the present purpose.

In fact, Lord Salisbury's Guildhall speech of November 9, 1895, is historic, in so far as it deals with the Armenian difficulties. The outside world need no longer be in the dark as to England's attitude toward Turkey and Armenia. His Lordship "remarked" that the Queen of Great Britain rules over more Mohammedans than the Sultan, and that the British Government would have been neglecting its duty if it allowed itself to appear as a religious partisanship in governing so vast an empire; that the British Government has no other duty than to show absolute impartiality.—This is, of course, because it pays.

Here is an admission that Great Britain cannot afford to meddle with Islam in Turkey, because she might thereby precipitate a rebellion among her Mohammedan fighting subjects in British India. It has been a standing marvel, from the days of Warren Hastings's fiendish oppressions to the present time, how the fanatical sons of Islam have lived in peace with the Hindus, and subject to a Christian Power in Hindostan. Is it because England has been good to the Turk in his last European stronghold? Why does Lord Salisbury say, in his Guildhall speech, that he can only speak briefly in the matter of these Armenian massacres, and that it would be dangerous for him to express the "opinions that are on his lips"?

The other utterances of his Lordship are the commonplace of English appeal to the other Powers to join in a concerted movement for the reform of Turkish rule in Armenia. The speech is certainly one of the shrewdest and most carefully guarded that ever fell from the lips even of an English statesman—discussing Turkey. It is quite clear that the Sultan understands that England is in a tight place on this question. When an English Prime Minister finds it necessary—in the face of recent events—to apologize for the Armenians as well as for their oppressors it is time, indeed, to call in other Powers.

It is the desire of the British Government, according to Lord Salisbury, to do entire justice between Turk and Armenian, so that Christians and Moslems should observe each other's rights and pursue their own industries in confidence and peace. The reason assigned for all this astounding moderation of speech is this: Turkey has stood for half a century, because it was necessary for the peace of Christendom that she should stand. The danger is that if the Ottoman Empire falls, the fall would not merely threaten Turkish territory. The fire thus lighted would spread to other nations, involving Europe in a dangerous conflict.

If the Sultan could rise from his sick bed, and talk as shrewdly as Lord Salisbury, is not this just about what he would say for himself? And this being true, is it not time to look the fact in the face, that Great Britain's interests are not ready for reforms in Armenia yet?

Men of genius have acuter feelings than common men: they are like the wind-harp, which answers to the breath which touches it, now low and sweet, now rising into wild swell or angry scream, as the strings are swept by some passing gust.—FROUDE.

The communication in another column from John E. Redmond, M.P., is a succinct presentation of the case of Irish Home Rule from the Parnellite standpoint. I have no comment to make, except that while Mr. Redmond deprecates a divided Ireland, his article does not even profess to bring about union of sentiment, except by the shattering to pieces of the McCarthyite party. This may or may not be necessary to the cause of Home Rule, but it certainly does lack the flavor of the olive branch. But there is enough—at least—of this

kind of talk afloat Erin's present and future, and a part of her recent past. Let us take another view.

The distinction drawn by Mr. Redmond is, that while Parnell made it inconvenient to the Liberal party to oppose Home Rule, Mr. McCarthy made it easy for the same party to abandon it and to humbug Ireland. A more practical basis of Irish union than this distinction would permit is much to be desired, unless Ireland is to continue in the role of Niobe. In the meantime I cannot refrain from contrasting this whole Irish struggle with other struggles, not of a similar character but for a similar cause, that we all have read about. In studying this contrast, the question rather too easily arises, Do Irishmen really want Home Rule or any other form of local independence, or of separation from Great Britain?

Poland and Ireland are frequently viewed in parallel. The other day, the one hundredth anniversary of the Partition of Poland was celebrated as a day of mourning by Poles at home and abroad. Outside of the Polish nobility—who originally betrayed their country to the oppressor, and whose crimes and general worthlessness made the Partition possible—there is no disunion among Polish patriots. Their struggle seems all but hopeless, while the Irish struggle for Home Rule is supposed to be a mere matter of a united demand for a legislative expedient to be decided on by the British Parliament, as a measure for the welfare of the British Empire. The Poles cannot pretend to any such miracle as this in their dealings with the Empires of Austria and Russia, and yet they are united though disheartened. What, do you suppose, will be the status of the Polish Question, after it has reached and passed the seven hundredth anniversary, as Ireland has? Will the Poles have reached the stage of miracle, wherein a Great Empire is expected to give up a valuable possession for her own welfare; or will they have given up the struggle altogether?

The almost unremitting warfare of Ireland against England during these seven hundred years is the only contest of the kind in history, ancient, mediæval or modern. In connection with the present status of the struggle, what does it all mean? The question recurs at every turn, Do Irishmen want separation? The Ulster Settlement, the modern development of the English-Irishman, the peace-Home-Rule party and the Clan na Gael, at home and abroad, all answer that confusion has become worse confounded. The difficulty is radical and fundamental. The National spirit that has survived seven hundred years of tribulation is the only vital principle that remains. It will die in the storm and stress of divided councils, or it will be quickened into new life by a return to the vital question, Is the partial amalgamation of the Celt and the Norman-Celt with the Anglo-Norman to be made total; or does Irish nationality propose to fight it out on the lines of total separation?

Poland, at the end of her first century, has given up the struggle, except to mourn over her loss; Ireland at the beginning of her eighth century, is confronted with the fundamental question, Shall Ireland separate from the Empire or force the Empire into a concession for her own good? The historian who is to do justice to this curious historical development of Irish nationality is yet to be born. Though we have grown accustomed to it, yet the spectacle is in itself rather grotesque: a National Irish party in the British Parliament compelling that dogged legislative body, against its will, to grant Home Rule to Ireland, either for the welfare of the Empire, as a whole, according to the late lamented Gladstonian theory, or as an entering wedge for total separation from the Empire, later on, according to the more outspoken Home Ruler, who tries to talk reason to the Clan na Gael.

If the British Parliament does not want to give Home Rule, Ireland will not get it; if Ireland wants total separation, she will get it only by fighting it out on that line without compromising or turning aside. That is how other peoples gained their independence. England and Ireland both may gain by Home Rule; but it is hard to see the how of it.

A beautiful person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body, and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A groveling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness.

I am astonished at the change of front on the part of the New York *Sun*, with reference to the Treaty of 1817 that practically prohibits the iron shipbuilding industry on the Great Lakes. That journal, always so broadly American, seemed disposed, only a short time ago, to advocate the termination of the ridiculous treaty by giving the required six months' notice as soon as possible. In a leading editorial, November 12, the writer holds that it is plainly for our benefit to maintain it,

The argument is, that, under it, England and this country are both debared from building and maintaining war vessels upon the Great Lakes; that, if both were allowed to do so, by the abrogation of the treaty, England could beat us at it. Hence it will pay us, even if we could save money by having some naval work done at Bay City, Detroit, Milwaukee or Chicago, to keep the present arrangement in force. What have these and other towns along the Great Lakes done, that they should be shut out from bidding on the cruisers, by reason of a stupid treaty that is nothing but a bit of cowardice on both sides, in any view of the case? How does the *Sun* know that England can beat us at putting armored vessels upon the Great Lakes, in case it ever came to that? If that were true, would not the six months' notice come from the other side of the line?

Canada now has, in the "Petrel" type of revenue cutter, a craft that can easily be turned into a commerce destroyer, in the event of war. To meet this odious the *Sun* writer proposes that we keep ordnance and other appliances in readiness along the Lakes, to be used in an emergency. We are cheerfully told that our available military strength at the forts in upper New York could be depended on to cross over and destroy the Canadian canals, and thus prevent the entrance of British iron-clads by the St. Lawrence route. Admitting all this, the fact remains that we are discriminating against a growing and important industry of at least six great industrial centres—namely, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Bay City, Milwaukee and Chicago. This alone is enough to call for the six months' notice, to say nothing of the fact that we are facing Great Britain—not merely Canada—with our best arm tied behind our back.

In busy mart and crowded street,  
No less than in the still retreat.  
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless,  
With all a Father's tenderness.—I. WILLIAMS.

It seems we are not yet rid of Lord Dunraven's "explanations." His last effort in that line is likely to get him into trouble. It is no less than an accusation against Iselin, Morgan, Vanderbilt and the New York Yacht Club, to the effect that they cheated his Lordship in the recent race by false weighting of the "Defender." The *St. James Gazette* says Dunraven has made a serious blunder this time; *The Yachting World* of London says all these contests for the America's Cup are nothing short of Yankee sharp practice, anyhow. Of course the hard-losing Earl will smooth this little episode over if he can; but can the New York Yacht Club afford to let him to do so? Unless Dunraven can satisfactorily explain this last explanation, the issue must be sharply drawn—Has he forfeited the title gentleman, or did the American yachtsmen cheat? There must be no dodging this time.

For my own part, I am fully persuaded that the most powerful goddess, and one that rules mankind with the most authoritative sway, is Truth. For though she is resisted by all, and oftentimes has drawn up against her the plausibilities of falsehood in the subtlest forms, she triumphs over all opposition.—POLYBIUS.

Well, Hall Caine, the novelist, has spoken. He says Dickens is radically false, that art and morality have no connection, that the truth seems to be more a question of art than of morals. Hall Caine read his address for the Nineteenth Century Club, on the 13th. The great novelists were systematically classified. Hugo, Tolstoi and Scott are, in his opinion, the greatest novelists of the century. In novel-writing it is the mastery of motive that counts, says Hall Caine. Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia College agreed with the distinguished visitor, though he was introduced to the audience for the purpose of disputing his thesis. He said that the old style Sunday-school book is futile. The tale with the moral tacked on is bad art and bad morals. There have been just four stages of the development of the novel—the impossible, the improbable, the probable and the inevitable. So that, the novel question is pretty well settled at last. But I am very sorry for poor, much-read Dickens. The ability of Hall Caine as a novelist in a class almost by himself, is undisputed. He is a thorough realist, and cultivates the art narrative for its own sake. He will be welcomed by American men of letters as an untiring literary worker who does his own especial work in his own way.

How fearful is the very life which we hold. We have our being beneath a cloud, and are a marvel even to ourselves. There is not a single thought which has its affixed limits. Like circles in the water, our researches in the water weaken as they extend, and vanish at last into immeasurable and unfathomable space of the vast unknown. We are like children in the dark; we tremble in a shadowy and terrible void, peopled with our fancies. Life is our real night, and the first gleam of the morning, which brings us certainty, is death.—FALKLAND.

Filibustering is charged every week or so against vessels leaving American ports. The Spanish Consul

claims that the "Laura," a fruiter, left Philadelphia last week on an unlawful voyage to aid the Cuban insurgents, and that the vessel is liable to seizure by Spanish warships. Senator Perkins of California and Representative Maguire of the same State favor the immediate recognition of the rebels. The Senator points out that Spain was one of the first countries to recognize the Confederacy at the beginning of the Civil War. One thing is certain: there is no need of hurry or worry. Let them fight a little longer. I dare say these filibusters will get us into the tangle soon enough. We have important work at home, without going into Cuban waters.

The Irish National Federation at Dublin on the 13th, by a vote of 47 to 40, removed from the Executive Board Timothy Healy, Arthur O'Connor and Fox, members of Parliament, and Messrs. Murphy and Mooney. The Federation is an anti-Parnellite body, and it is hard to see how Healy and his followers can be of further use to the cause. They have purchased a newspaper in Dublin and are said to have ample pecuniary backing for a separate organization. The proposal of the Archbishop of Dublin for a representative convention at which the Parnellites and anti-Parnellites could compose their differences, does not seem to have been accepted by either side—unless, indeed, the expulsion of the Healyites means that the anti-Parnellites have removed the disturbing element as a preparation for the much-to-be-desired peace. The chances are, however, that the expulsions mean fresh trouble for the cause, and a new worry for Irish Nationalists everywhere.

A law just passed by the Chickasaw Legislature disfranchises all white men who have married squaws; denies to them the right of holding lands in the Chickasaw Nation; debars them from participation in annuities and in Government funds held by the United States, and from holding any official position under the Chickasaw Government. This class of whites intermarried with squaws hold about half the property in the Nation; and it is not likely that the Legislature will succeed in making the recent enactment effective. The question may arise, Has the Chickasaw Legislature the right to pass such a law? The Federal Constitution of the United States would not allow it.

Mr. Herman Oelrichs has succeeded, with admirable tact and diplomacy, in preventing an interminable contest over the will of the late Senator Fair of California, involving an estate valued at forty million dollars. The original will of James G. Fair sought to create a trust which would probably not stand the test of the courts. A trust similar to the Fair Will Trust was sought to be created in the will of William Walkerley, deceased; but the Supreme Court of California decided that it was void and invalid under the law. Hence it was necessary to settle the Fair will contest out of court. This has been done; the estate is now resting comfortably in the hands of the heirs, and an expensive, exasperating and unseemly litigation has been avoided. Poorer will contestants might profitably hearken occasionally to such advisers as Herman Oelrichs.

New York is, at present writing, wondering as to the whereabouts of the murderers who killed Richard Pepe in a saloon in the upper part of the city, during an alleged hold-up of the place in genuine border fashion. Also, as to the hiding-place of the most brutal murderer who killed William Krauer and hacked the body with an ax, in a thickly settled part of the city. Several innocent men have been arrested and released, but after more than a week, there was scarcely a clew to work on. Escaped murderers are becoming alarmingly frequent. Stephen O'Brien, head of the Detective Bureau, says he believes the guilty men will eventually be caught—which is cheering, of course. Murderers are not nice people to be at large.

Tattlers and busybodies, going from house to house, are the canker and rust of illness, as idleness is the rust of time.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

At last the prize-ring complications which have been furnishing food for comment in sporting circles and food for jests and cartoons in the comic papers have been brought to an end. Mr. Champion Corbett, who has so long and so valiantly defended the title with his mouth, has handed over that precious possession—the title, not the mouth—in the same way to Mr. Peter Maher. At least, that is the purport of the published account of what followed the recent fight at Maspeth, L. I., in which Mr. Maher so completely vanquished Mr. Steve O'Donnell. According to this account Mr. Corbett, at the end of the controversy, jumped into the ring and publicly presented the championship to Mr. Maher, "amid great cheers."

All of which makes very entertaining reading. As the matter stands now, Mr. Corbett has given what was not his to give, to a man who never won it, and Mr. Bob Fitzsimmons, who, three years ago, at New Orleans, whipped Mr. Champion Maher (by courtesy of Mr. Ex-Champion Corbett) until he did not know where he was

at, is now alternately clamoring for somebody to fight him and claiming the above-mentioned championship by default. Truly the situation is interesting. Query for sporting sharps: Has Mr. Corbett the right to thus summarily dispose of his honors without considering the rights of Mr. Fitzsimmons and others of the profession, not to mention the public?

God has placed us here to grow, just as he placed the trees and flowers. The trees and flowers grow unconsciously and by no effort of their own. Man, too, grows unconsciously, and is educated by circumstances. But he can also control those circumstances and direct the course of his life. He can educate himself. He can, by effort and thought, acquire knowledge, become accomplished, refine and purify his nature, develop his powers, strengthen his character. And, because he can do this, he ought to do it. Yet we must add that mere growth is not all. There is something more. "Grow up." "Grow up in all things;" but also "Grow up in all things into Him who is our Head, even Christ." This is what Goethe, with all his wisdom, failed to see. This is what makes the apostolic maxim wiser than his. To grow up is an end, but not the final end. That is, since Christ is another name for generous love, cultivate and unfold all powers in order to do good, for the sake of helping, saving, inspiring, guiding, animating, encouraging other souls. Develop all your powers, but for universal usefulness.—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

The prospect for underground rapid transit in New York is somewhat clouded just now by the money difficulty—a rather poor excuse, perhaps, for this great money centre. But, then, fifty million dollars—and contingencies—make a big lump sum. We will know all about rapid transit next year. The big buildings on Broadway are not worrying.

The horse has not "passed" very far, if we are to judge by the enthusiasm he evoked at the New York Horse Show. The horse has served us many years in places where the trolley and the cable and steam engine have now displaced him. But he is yet capable of furnishing a splendid American holiday. The horse has earned his good luck.

The great Chicago Drainage Canal marks an epoch in the history of mechanical engineering. The Cloaca Maxim or great sewer of Rome is dwarfed into insignificance in comparison. A detailed account of the Chicago enterprise is given in another column.

Before giving advice we must have secured its acceptance, or rather have made it desired.—AMIEL.

Colonel Ingersoll is still trying to boom an ideal happiness on earth by attacking the people who are doing their best to spread a real happiness.

Our Ambassador Bayard is the lion of the hour every few days in Great Britain, and no serious rumpus among English-speaking peoples need be apprehended while he is at his post.

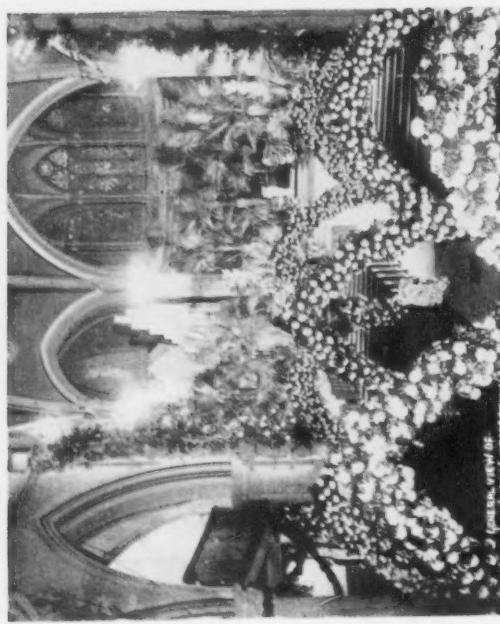
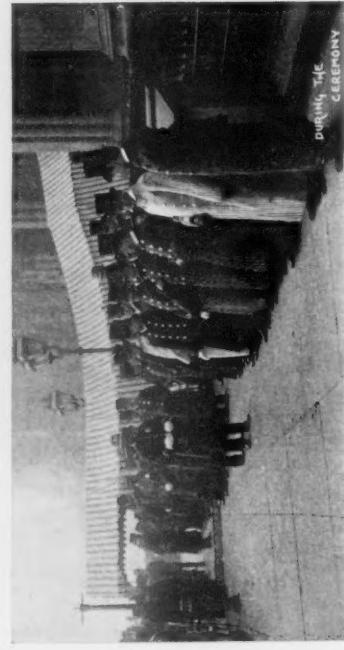
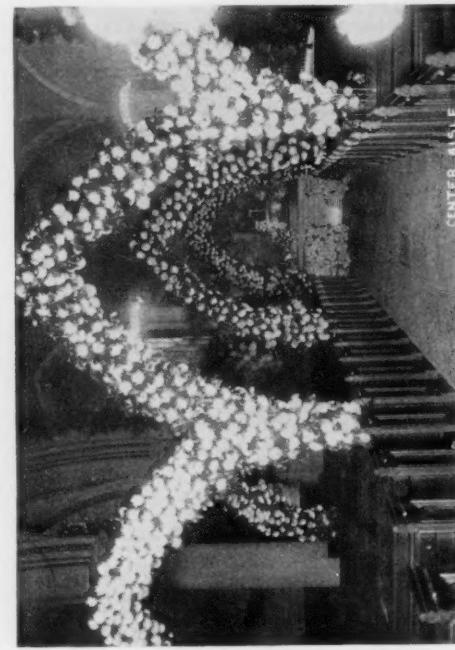
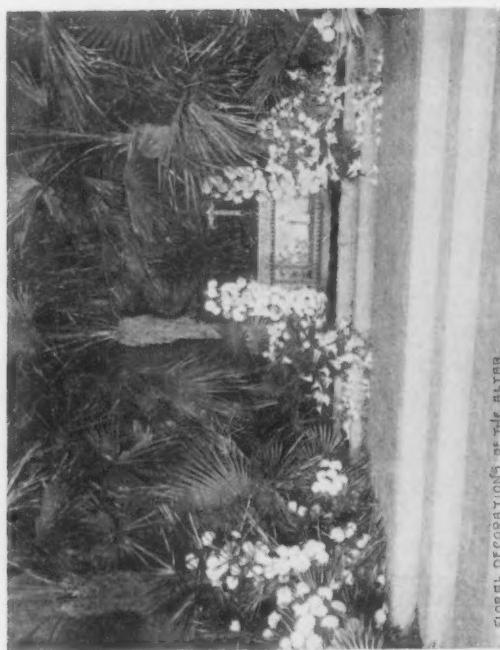
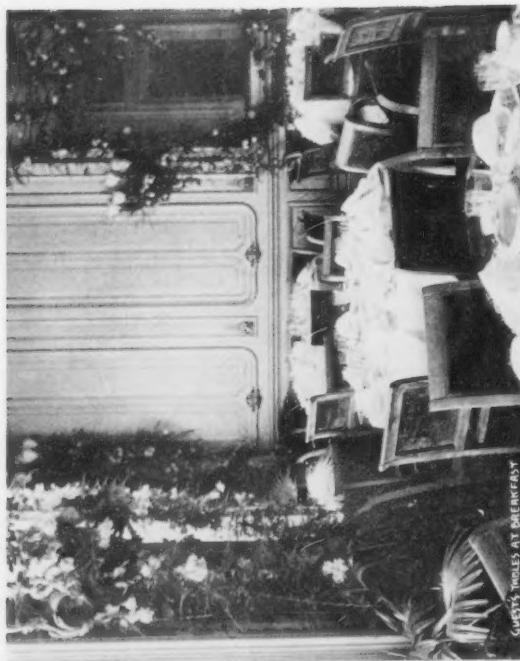
The Cuban insurgents are preparing to issue bonds payable, principle and interest, in the event of triumph; and as capital is usually well-informed, their prospects of success may be fairly gauged by the popularity of the loan in monetary circles.

Iowa will present Senator Allison at the Republican National Convention next year, but the Senator says he will make no scramble for the honor.

#### "HONOR" AT THE STANDARD.

THE uselessness of New York dramatic criticism was never so well illustrated as in the metropolitan press on the 12th inst. With one exception there was a unanimous condemnation of Suderman's "Honor," produced in English at the Standard Theatre. Neither play nor players pleased these wonderful critics, and yet the audience was enthusiastic from beginning to end—and the audience, be it remembered, was both intelligent and respectable. I happened to be one of the audience, and enjoyed the clever acting of Mr. Belleville and Mr. Nash. To me the dialogue proved to be sprightly, witty and healthy. Of course there was exaggeration noticeable in some of the parts, particularly by the gentleman and lady who represented the father and mother of the returned clerk. But there is always more or less exaggeration in every performance. Irving is guilty of it frequently, and the same may be said of nearly every great actor and actress. But as a whole "Honor" was capitally rendered and deserved the success it achieved.

MISS DOROTHY HUMBERT gave a recital of songs and ballads before a select audience on the 13th inst. at the studio of Mr. Devlin in the Carnegie Building. The young lady has a well-cultivated contralto, and sang with expression and feeling through quite a trying programme, including selections from Schubert, Chamade, Tosti, Nevin, Hiller, Brahms, Roeckel and Leveridge.



MARRIAGE OF MISS PAULINE WHITNEY AND MR. ALMERIC HUGH PAGET AT ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.—(See page 15.)



CABLE CARRYING APPARATUS



AT WORK IN THE GRAVEL AND BOULDERS



THE STEAM SHOVEL



OPERATIONS OF REVOLVING DERRICK



CUT IN THE SOLID ROCK



THE CANTILEVER AT WORK

## THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE GREAT DRAINAGE CANAL IN CHICAGO.

AMONG the great canal enterprises of the epoch the canal now being constructed from Chicago twenty-eight miles southwestwardly to Lockport is unique. Unlike the other giant ditches, its primary purpose is to insure the health of a great metropolis, and commerce is its subordinate function. The second of American cities lies on the southwestern edge of an inland sea but a few feet above the lake level. Its intake of pure water through cribs from two to six miles distant in the lake is continually threatened with the contamination of sewage from the Chicago River. This inky Phlegethon, which, with its two branches, separates the city into three divisions, is a mere sluggish bayou, the survival of an ancient outlet to the west. Through this, prior to the glacial period, the lacustrine volume found its way to the Gulf of Mexico. With the recession of the waters of the Great Lakes arose an enormous limestone ridge from fifteen to twenty miles west of Lake Michigan, and nearly parallel with its shore; while the Chicago River had dwindled to be the outlet of a very limited area of ponds and swamps on the eastern slope of the narrow watershed, which now divided the St. Lawrence and Mississippi basins.

When a great city grew there a black problem faced the people—how to rid themselves of the thick soup of unspeakable abomination festering in the river sewer. Pumping works to divert it into the old Illinois and Michigan Canal, and other experiments, proved ineffectual. Spring floods or heavy rains immediately reversed the current in the bayou. Again the shallow cut of a canal, built on antiquated methods, was not sufficient to carry the water through across the ridge by gravity, though it had been deepened for the purpose. Finally, the project of a special canal was mooted, but the engineers were paralyzed at the time by their own arithmetic. The facts to be grappled with swelled year by year in exigency, and public opinion clamored loudly. Doubt finally cleared away from the inexorable truth that there was but one way—the reopening of the ancient lake outlet. This would drain the big sewer and the pure water of the lake pour through for

an effectual cleansing. Without stopping to rehearse the abortive efforts for many years to crystallize public opinion into action, and how the notion of a score or eighty of millions in money at last got to be familiar, or the cheap purchase of a great achievement, let us skip to a very recent period. One thing of practical moment had already come to pass. The prolonged agitation had insured careful study of the engineering problems involved.

In the spring of 1889 the State law took effect, under which the Chicago Sanitary District was organized. The Board of Trustees was endowed with ample authority to plan and construct in matters of sewerage and water supply, and to formulate proper financial measures. The question of a drainage canal was settled, the machinery of its administration within grasp. But the first Board seized the helm feebly. Folly, strife and indecision marked its sessions. Money and time were wasted, litigation fomented, and a Bourbon spirit in the majority paralyzed the few sagacious and energetic spirits. A new Board was elected in 1891, and Mr. Frank Wenter, the recent Democratic candidate for Mayor, was made chairman. At once order and movement emerged from chaos. The different committees put forth prodigious energy, and on September 3, 1892, the first rock-blast was celebrated with thunder of cannon, and thunder of eloquence, before a large audience, on the boundary line of Cook and Will Counties, near Lemont.

The survey of the great ditch, beginning at the south branch of the Chicago River, pursues a southwesterly course, and ends at Lockport, a course somewhat diagonal to the backbone of the ridge which it perforates, involving twenty-eight miles of excavation and rock-cutting. The western barrier of Lake Michigan consists of an upswelling of limestone, and an immense mass of boulders and gravel left by the great Ice Age. The first twelve miles concerned the removal of this material; the next four added the labor of blasting to that of digging, as great spurts of limestone shot up like jagged teeth through it all; the last twelve miles were solid limestone ledge. The dual purpose in view pre-

scribed the following dimensions: From Chicago to Summit, the highest point of the survey, a distance of ten miles, top width, 166 feet, bottom 110 feet; from Summit to Willow Springs, the half-way point, four miles further, 300 feet top, 202 feet bottom; from Willow Springs to Lockport, fourteen miles, 162 feet top, 160 feet bottom. The whole canal was divided into twenty-eight sections, averaging a mile, denominated from Willow Springs to Chicago by letters (A to O), and from the former point to Lockport by figures (1 to 15). The change in dimensions of cross section at a point near Summit, from 202 feet to 110 feet at the bottom, was made because a channel through drift and alluvium could be enlarged at any time as increase of urban population demanded. The other eighteen miles of more difficult cutting were planned as a finality for the flow of six hundred thousand cubic feet per minute, and the needs of three million people. The grade of the eastern half of the channel is one foot in forty thousand (— a current of a mile an hour); and that of the other half one in twenty thousand (— 1½ miles an hour). In the latter division the walls are rock, either natural or laid up in mason work to a height of five feet above the Chicago city datum. The low-water depth of the canal will be twenty-two feet with a flood increase to twenty-six, sufficient to float the largest sea-going steamers.

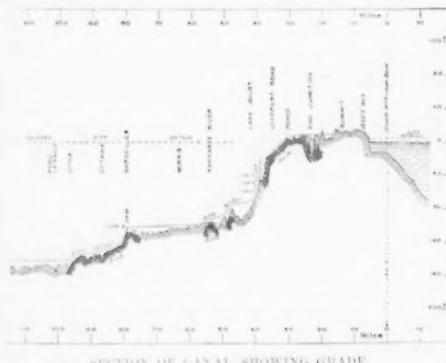
Simultaneously with the excavation of the drainage canal began the necessary creation of a diversion channel for the Desplaines River, which crossed the canal route at a score of points in a distance of thirteen miles. Thus most treacherous of river-courses rises in the extreme northern part of the State, flows southward along the great ridge of limestone and drift, draining about one thousand square miles, and, when it reaches the vicinity of Chicago, it turns a little westerly and flows over the steep declivity at Lockport into Lake Joliet. About twelve miles further on it becomes the Illinois River by junction with the Kankakee. Sometimes the upper Desplaines would scarcely feed a fishpond. Again, its furious flood, rolling eight hundred thousand feet volume per minute, submerges its entire

valley, this *quasi* valley being understood to be the wind-surface of the barrier ridge, which the drainage canal pierces. The control of this was essential, and it was gained at a cost of one million dollars. Thirteen miles of new river channel parallel to the canal were cut, and its banks fortified with nineteen miles of solid levees, to imprison its turbulence. This channel is two hundred feet wide at the bottom with a grade of twelve feet per thousand. At the head of the river diversion a spillway was made, to send surplus water Chicago-ward at times of extreme freshet, until the completion of the enterprise and of the control works at Lockport permits a more logical method.

The work has progressed swiftly and smoothly for three years. The mile sections were allotted to different contractors, whose resources and knowledge represent the most advanced *fin de siècle* engineering skill. Since the completion of the Suez Canal, even since the time when spendthrift extravagance married to septuagenarian folly piled up on the Isthmus of Panama the finest mechanism of that day to rust and rot in tropical disuse, the art and tools of excavation have been greatly perfected. Dynamite and the steam shovel make blasting and digging the lesser factor of cost. It is the labor of removing the huge accumulation of debris or "spoil" which counts. The vital feature of an excavation plant is its conveying apparatus, and in no recent fashion has mechanical skill made longer strides than in reaching the solution of a problem once fraught with difficulty. The steam-shovel, which needs at a score of men and horses, is a baby tool compared with the machine-carriers, which have heaped up a vast ridge of spoil along the canal bank, as if they were Titans mountain-building. Here we see inclined tracks and steam-hoists with truck-bridges to convey the loaded cars to the spoil bank. There the cars are emptied by an automatic dumping device with power supplied from the engine which drives the steam shovel. In one place the vast gap is spanned by steel cables on which the cars dart swiftly back and forth. In another, high-power derricks with long revolving arms grapple and play with five-ton loads with perfect ease.

The most astonishing device of all, however, is the mammoth cantilever. It is essentially a bridge with cantilever arms projecting on either side to overhang the spoil bank. On the arms are mounted sprocket wheels and other machinery, carrying a chain of steel buckets attached to a conveyor belt. The buckets drop automatically to be filled, rise to the end of the arm, glide at racing speed across the bridge, vomit forth their contents, and hurry back, loaded pangs succeeding each other as fast as men can attach them. It is a steel marvel with the apparent intelligence of a thinking creature. It disposes of fifteen hundred tons of rock each hour. All these machines run from place to place on trucks, and they add at least fifty per cent to the working power of man, as compared with his effectiveness fifteen years ago, backed by the devices then in use. The rock is bored with diamond drills, and the sides of the rock-cuts are faced smooth as glass by channelling machines, which do their work as deftly as a knife slices through a fat cheese. The story of this labor-saving apparatus, fascinating as an Arabian tale of Djinn and Atrites, might easily beguile one to undivine length. The cost of the aggregate plant on the twenty-eight sections is estimated at three million two hundred thousand dollars. An average army of eight thousand laborers has acted in conjunction with the tremendous machinery.

The September report gave construction statistics up to August 1. Of the 39,972,762 cubic yards of material in the whole work, 25,415,115 yards (64.7-10 per cent) had been removed. The amount of money disbursed on contracts had been \$11,670,432, and the estimate of the total ultimate cost, including cost of right of way, river diversion work, the building of the controlling works at Lockport, and certain projected improvements in the lower Desplaines, for which the engineers have made their plans, comes well within \$28,000,000.

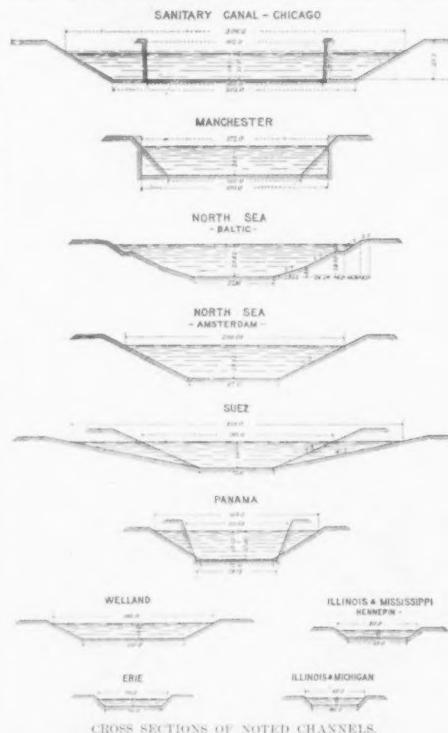


SECTION OF CANAL SHOWING GRADE.

On September 3 the completion of Section 10, one of the most interesting of the rock-cuts, was celebrated by the Board of Trustees and a great throng of invited guests at the same place, when the first shovelful of dirt was thrown out. The plan of the controlling works at Lockport, before unveiled or perhaps not fully completed, was made public about the same time. The slope of the drainage channel from Chicago to Lockport is only six feet, but in the next four miles to Joliet the declivity is forty feet. In the west wall of the channel, at the very end of Section 15, will be built an immense steel device known as a "bear-trap." This will work automatically by the law of pressure, and release all ice and floating. It will also allow the escape of water to meet the exact conditions of the normal flow. At the side of the bear-trap will be set ten sluice-gates, thirty feet high and twenty feet wide, their tops reaching extreme high-water mark. The engineer in charge will thus have perfect control of flood-water in the channel. The ultimate commercial use will involve an adequate lock system, but that is in the future, when other conditions shall have converged to the desired end. A triangular windage basin, 502 feet wide, sufficient for

the turning of large steamers, however, has been provided for by an extreme divergence of the walls at the end of Section 15. In the meantime the canal scheme contemplates the construction of a tail race in the declivity between Lockport and Joliet, four bad miles. It will be four hundred feet wide and seven feet deep. This, it goes without saying—useful now to protect the latter-named city from a remote contingency of flood—will, by and by, be deepened and otherwise adjusted to the standard dimensions.

Some day, perhaps, the United States will take the conclusion of the matter in hand and, by deepening the lower Desplaines and the Illinois Rivers, make the route



CROSS SECTIONS OF NOTED CHANNELS.

a ship canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi. The cost of the sanitary channel will have covered more than two-thirds of the whole expense. In the meantime waiting Chicago, by her expenditure of twenty-eight million dollars (the whole amount has been or will be raised by local taxation so adjusted that the citizen feels it but little), will enjoy the purest and most convenient water supply ever furnished to an urban community, and in no less degree a peerless drainage system. It is well understood by sanitary engineers that the most effective method of treating sewage is its discharge into a large slow current. It is not a question of chemical artifice, but of the natural action of live organisms which only ask for oxygen to maintain their vitality. A current steadily fed from the lake by gravity-force would keep itself healthily sweet in spite of a great mass of contained sewage. No one will say that the Western metropolis pays a fancy price for her goods, as the things she has bought are priceless. She will have solved, once for all, problems which have tormented nearly all the great cities of the world—problems no less danger-breeding than continuously elusive and costly.

Yet issues have cropped out of the construction of the canal which generate a threat obscure at the outset. This relates to the effect on the average water-level and the lessening of navigable depth in the various lake ports. It is not an object of guess-work, but a fact to be settled by scientific test. A commission of the United States Engineer Corps has made a report which looks on the question as a burning one; and a series of conclusive studies has been inaugurated at points sweeping the circuit from Buffalo to Chicago. If the apparent threat is verified (for it is not the question of the temporary change of lake-level, but of permanent lowering by the leak of a new outlet), it will lay on Congress, as the trustee of the commercial interests of the States, a grave burden. It would saddle the onus on the Government of deepening the lake ports in the not distant future, or of interposing its veto on that maximum outflow through the canal, so important to its sanitary value. The matter was debated with spirit at the late meeting of the Deep Waterway Convention at Cleveland, and the members taxed the compass with their differences of opinion. The distinguished Chicago engineers, who scout the peril as a chimera in practice, however perturbing in theory, defended the canal interests with telling logic so far as present premises can be trusted for underpinning.

Two-thirds of the work of the excavation on the drainage canal has been completed. By January 1 all of the rock sections and four-fifths of the rest will have been done, and it is hoped that a year hence the gigantic enterprise will be an accomplished fact. The volume of earth and rock removed, if deposited in Lake Michigan in forty feet of water, would make an island a mile square and eight feet above the water-line. To the energy and administrative ability of President Winter, of Mr. Isham Randolph, the chief engineer, and of Mr. L. E. Cooley, chairman of the engineering committee, credit is specially due for the results attained.

G. T. FERRIS.

It is now said that the insignificant mortality of the Japanese in battle during the recent war was partly due to their wearing a quantity of floss silk under their outer clothing as a protection against the cold. It is said to have acted in many cases as a bullet-proof shield.

## THE ANCESTRAL EIGHT-DAY CLOCK.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

YOU may make precisely what you like of this story, and for my part I am not in the least degree anxious to build theories upon it. I content myself with the record of actual fact. I give real names of real people. So far as the story trenches on the question of spiritual rapport I feel as confident about it as I do of the existence of the things I see and handle every day. If you ask me bluntly—Do I believe that a mere bit of hand-made mechanism like a clock can establish sympathetic relations with human-kind, I have the plainest answer. I do not. But these things happened. They have been matter of interest to me and my own folk for many years. They may perhaps be of equal interest to the world outside.

My mother's uncle, James Wilbers Marsh, was born, lived and died in the neighborhood of All Saints' Church in my own native parish of West Bromwich in the English Midlands. With certain modifications and additions, he was the original of Ezra Gold in my story of "Aunt Rachel." He was a quiet gray old man of a somewhat hypochondriac tendency, and early in life he was a fine performer on the violin. He heard Paganini, and the playing of that great virtuoso revealed so many things to him that he never cared to touch a bow again. His own living-room was hung round with fiddles in bags of green baize. There were ten or a dozen of them, as I remember, but I never saw one of them removed from the nail on which it hung, until the old man had passed away to his rest in the quiet parish churchyard. They were then distributed among his relatives and friends in accordance with his last wishes, and one of them came to the hands of my brother Jack, who had always been a favorite of his. My brother Jack was of a wandering turn of mind and insisted on going to sea. He was apprenticed to a firm of Liverpool shipowners, whose name I forget, and he sailed on his second voyage under the command of one Captain Gregory in the bark "Pacific" for the port of Lima. He had a wretched journey and was tyrannically ill-used. The captain drank heavily, and died of drink on the homeward way, being succeeded in command by his first officer, Mr. Mundy. Gregory's ill-treatment of my brother was so terrible and so evident that Mundy made private note of it, intending to lay the matter before the owners on reaching home. In this log of his he set down dates and hours, and latitude and longitude with scrupulous accuracy. On one occasion Gregory, while bringing his ship round Cape Horn, made my brother strip to the waist and then repented him about the duck.

Uncle James, as we called him, adopting my mother's speech, lay dying. My mother was nursing him, and they were quite alone. On a sudden, the gray old man struggled upright in his bed, and spoke in a hollow voice:

"Leave the lad alone," he said, twice over. "Think of his mother. Have you no bows?"

My mother tried to quiet him, but for a moment he did not seem to recognize her. He lay down at length, and in answer to her inquiries as to what he had been dreaming of, he said he had been aboard ship, and somebody there was ill-treating poor Jack horribly. He died next morning at the hour of seven. Mr. Mundy brought my brother home, sick from privation, exposure and ill-usage. Jack had the seeds of pulmonary consumption sown in him. He seemed to rally for a time, but he died in '65, seven years later than Uncle James. Mundy's log confirmed the old man's second-sight to an instant. He worked out the difference of time between that latitude and longitude and ours, and it corresponded perfectly with the moment at which the dying man had spoken. My mother had been so much impressed that she had made a note of the hour, and there could be no mistake.

Now, so far, the story is commonplace enough, and there are hundreds of well-authenticated occurrences of the same kind to be had for the asking. But what follows is curious, and, if as a mere curiosity of coincidence only, deserves to be recorded. We lived in the High Street, a mile away from the Old Church, and the most notable object of furniture in our house was an eight-day clock which had belonged to my mother's family for generations. It was a tall and stately clock of the kind which is nowadays kept in many houses as an heirloom. Many and many a solitary hour I have sat by the kitchen fire and listened to its mirthless ticking, which said anything an idle fancy gave it to say, and once started by idle fancy could not be persuaded to a novel theme. How old it was I do not know, but I remember the maker's name on the face: "Kent-Dudley." There was no Kent in Dudley in the trade in my time so far as I remember, and I believe the timepiece had been the property of my mother's great-grandfather at least. On the morning on which James Wilbers Marsh passed away to his fathers at the hour of seven, the old clock struck as usual, but from that moment it struck seven no more for years. A local clock doctor, Fisher by name, was called in to clean the clock and to remedy this defect in its economy. He took the works to pieces, cleaned and restored them, and professed himself unable to discover any reason why the clock should not strike that particular hour as well as any other. The timepiece went on its punctual way, keeping excellent hours, and recording every hour but that of seven. It was silent there, always, until the day of poor Jack's death. Then it struck seven again, and went on striking seven thereafter, until its own death, which befell quite suddenly, seven years later to a day. It struck then, for an hour or so, until I was called in and bethought me to remove the weights. Then it went silent, and never so much as ticked again. A foolish story enough no doubt, if one tried to tack any meaning onto it, but quite a true story all the same. A story with a certain foolish, empty superstition always attached to it in my own mind, but told precisely as things happened, upon my word of honor.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity for the stomach, relieves wind, colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

## EUGENE FIELD.

(Died November 4, 1895.)

He dipped his pen in the ink of joy  
And traced a-many a mirthful lay,  
Songs for the little ones, weird and gay,  
Begirt with the light of a summer day;  
Pure as fair gold without alloy,  
Polished as gem of purest ray,  
Teeming with love and truth away,  
Breathing a rare, quaint melody,  
Sweet with a sweetness would never cloy.

He set him a task and solved it well;  
Singing the songs of the infant crew,  
"Rynken, Wynken" and "Little Boy Blue"—  
Hearts so tender, and brave, and true—  
And all the queerness that them befell,  
Songs that were old when the world was new,  
But wanted a singer to set them to—  
Music and words that would fit construe.  
Their fairy wit—and he broke the spell.

Winnipeg, Nov. 6, 1895. —FRANK I. CLARKE.

## OUR CAPUCHIN PET.

BY E. L. PERITRA.

## III.

OUR Capuchin pet, good, up-to-date monkey that he was, had a past. Not at all a spicy, or dramatizable past, but one that is worth recording. Furthermore, as I am not a monkey fancier or connoisseur, and only a passably enthusiastic naturalist, I feel that I must explain, even for my own benefit, how I came to possess the mico. A sweet little girl-face, moreover, under the sunny skies of Honduras, is brought back to me with the Capuchin's past; hence it is all the more worth telling.

Little Roberta stood beneath the red-tiled eaves that hung far out and low over the brick floor of the wide veranda. We had thanked her father and mother for the welcome they had given us, and they had spoken kind messages for such friends of the family as we might meet when on the road to the far-away sea.

On Roberta's shoulder perched the cara blanca, the white-faced monkey which was to her in the steal of doll and kitten, and of such other pets and playthings as girls of her age have in other lands. The little fellow clung with thin hands to Roberta's wavy black hair, and curled his tail in a firm hold around her neck. His eyes, shining like beads of jet, turned to one after another of the group, and he chattered his curiosity.

His little mistress came to me and held out the buckskin thong that was fastened about his loins.

"Take him, señor," she murmured.

"Ole no, ninita mia; why should I take your pet?" I asked, in surprise.

"You gave the dictionary to me for my brother, for him to learn the English tongue," she replied.

"But that was my gift to you, because I like you so much. I would not take your pet for that; I know how well you love him."

Her eyes filled with tears and I was troubled, for I loved that little maid, and the tears of girls are to me a grievous burden.

"Please take the mico, señor," said the child's mother. "Take the bestia to give it to your little daughter. The poor child, she has to live in that cold North where she can never see the warm sky and the bright flowers of Honduras, nor ever have a mono to play with. Take him and please Roberta. He is the dearest thing she has, so she would give him to your own little girl."

If I had been as those folk are who boast that they speak their mind freely, as plain as the day, I might have told señora that monkeys are not quite unknown in that cold North, where exiles of Italy churn sweet music in boxes by the wayside; and I should perhaps have added that I would willingly turn loose in my home a score of wild Honduranos lads, or worse still, a couple of Yankee boys, as see that little rascal of a monkey there. But when two tears rolled down Roberta's cheeks what was there to do but yield?

My horse stood saddle and dancing with eagerness before the house. The commandante put the monkey on the saddle and tied its leash to a ring in the cantle. I drew the reins between the fingers of the hand which I laid on the pommel, and the monkey showed his teeth, to frighten me. Then he ran along the horse's back, climbed down by the flowing tail and clung to the thin hocks.

The horse was surprised. He was a satiny iron-gray that had been free on the prairie only three days before. He had led the vaqueros on the best of all the other horses on the hacienda a merry dance for full two hours before the lasso settled on his neck; and at its touch he had become a fairly gentle and obedient, although a most spirited, saddle-horse. He had had strange experiences since, and had become convinced by much patting and many a taste of salt and hanfuls of maize that the strangers from beyond the sea might be not all and wholly evil.

And now to have his thin-skinned legs gripped tight by the sharp nails of a grinning, white-faced little black fiend of the forest. It was too much. So the pony's heels flew into the air and the monkey sailed up with a shriek. We laughed.

Mono lighted on the rump of the horse and clung to the crupper. He looked at us out of a face puckered with amazement and terror. This was mischief new to him, and he didn't like it. It wasn't funny—to him.

A lump of sugar and much petting soothed the horse, and I seated myself suddenly in the saddle. Quick as I was, that monkey was quicker. As my leg rose over the saddle he scrambled down by the cincha, and when I touched the seat he was hanging under the belly of the pony.

Then the horse arose in wrath. He stood on his forelegs while his heels threatened the clouds. He stood on his hindlegs and held his forfeit up toward the heavens. Then he bolted in vain attempt to get away from that squalling imp of mischievous underneath.

I jerked the leash, and the monkey landed on my arm. He promptly set his four sharp canine teeth deep

into my finger. I felt like cuffing his ears, but a glance at the face of the terrified little wretch drove away all feeling but pity for his fears.

So we pranced and waltzed, and scurried across the plaza and down the main street, to the joy of all the boys in town and to the grim delight of the more staid folk of Catacamas, who had come out to see the strangers safely started on their journey. I was glad to let my pony have his own way since it took us quickly to where a friendly turn in the road hid us from sight of the village. Then I stopped and tried to make better acquaintance with Master Capuchin. But he was not inclined to be friendly. He tugged to get as far as his thong would allow him to go from me. He threatened to bite me if I should dare lay hand on him, and he scolded me terrifically.

Looking back at the lump-sugar episode, from the remembrance of this first serious quarrel it must be admitted that the mico was not ungrateful, but that he was a confirmed scold. It must have been his bringing up, or his sense of impending transfer from the freedom of Honduras to the liberty without the tropics in the cold North.

The conclusion is still imperative, that some people, at least, are very like monkeys—especially inasmuch as we often get bitten by actual contact with those whose acquaintance we try hardest to cultivate.

## SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

BY M. E. BACHELOR.

THE sharp report of a pistol broke the midnight air; it came from the attic of a tenement-house in New York City. A moment later a woman rushed out, calling the police, said something was wrong in the room above her; she had knocked repeatedly, no answer, the door was locked.

A policeman soon arrived, ascended the stairs, preceded by the woman with a lighted candle; the door was quickly forced open—what a ghastly sight!

A young woman was lying on the bed, cold and lifeless; the doctor afterward certified "death from acute pneumonia." A young man was lying beside her with a bullet hole in his temple; a revolver grasped in his right hand revealed the gory scene.

The room was bare to desolation: on the corner of a table an oil-stove with no oil in it, an empty bowl and spoon, some scraps of paper, and a large envelope placed conspicuously in sight. The policeman opened it and read:

"January 18, I know not what hour. Yesterday I had but fifteen cents in the world; I spent six for soup, four for bread, two for cheese and three for a candle. This morning I warmed some of the soup for Elise. She could scarcely swallow it; I begged her to try. She complied, and felt better. Then I said:

"Rest quietly, darling, until my return. I am going to see Freeman; he has always been my friend. I think he will help me."

"Don't stay, dear Max," she huskily whispered, holding her lips for my good-by kiss.

"I hurried to Freeman's office; he was not in: it was too early. I tramped the crowded streets, jostled by busy men and women, scarcely heeding them. Suddenly I saw Dixon of the *Press*. I started to meet him; he crossed the street to avoid me. I was bitterly pained, I intended to offer him a manuscript.

"As I was passing the publishing house of King & Co. I saw the editor entering his carriage. I timidly advanced and said: 'Have you examined the MS. I sent you some time ago, sir?'

"He gave me a cool stare and replied: 'Merely glanced at it; there is no snap, no originality in it. It will be returned in a few days.' Then his carriage drove off in a quick gallop.

"I called on Johnson, editor of the *Gazette*, offered him my article; he refused, saying he was over-crowded with matter, but politely offered me a drink. What irony!

"Freeman was my last chance. I again sought him: he had gone to lunch. I followed him to the restaurant, found him seated at the table waiting for his change.

"He greeted me cordially, made me sit beside him, and inquired how I was getting on. 'Not well,' I answered. 'I have come, hoping you will take an article for your evening edition.'

"'Willingly, my dear boy, but my paper is made up for to-day; bring me something to-morrow, something bright and amusing. Ah, this literary treadmill is—'

"Just then the waiter laid the change upon the table; I saw the gleam of silver and several crisp notes. I longed to ask for an advance upon my article, but pride withheld me. I actually turned my face away, for fear he would see the covetousness in my eyes.

"Freeman let the money lie on the table a while, as if debating something with himself. I waited, eagerly hoping he would say: 'Here, Max, take this on to-morrow's account.' I think he was afraid of wounding me. He slowly, seemingly regretfully, slipped the money in his pocket; then we separated.

"Oh, how I cursed my miserable pride, calling myself a pitiful coward for not asking him for a few dollars; then I could have taken some dainty to my darling.

"It was late when I reached home, the room dark and cold. Elise said:

"'You have been gone so long.'

"I tried to cheer her, told her Freeman had ordered an article for to-morrow; also told her how I struggled to keep from asking him for help. 'I am so glad you didn't,' she said. 'No one knows our distress; to-morrow will end it—only one more day to suffer.'

"'Oh, my darling!' I implored, 'let me go to your father; he will surely forgive, when he knows you are ill.'

"'No, no, Max; I can never forget the cruel words, almost curses, he heaped upon me. No, no, to-morrow I'll be better, then we will be so happy.'

"All this was said in gasping whispers. Then she tried to smile, and added: 'There is your novel.'

"I hadn't the heart to tell her what King had said, only replied: 'I must commence my article for Freeman.'

"I lighted the candle, gave Elise the last of the cold

soup (there was no oil to warm it); I finished the crust of bread.

"I began to write. It was dreary work; want and misery are not conducive to amusing thoughts. I heard a clock in the distance strike eleven. Elise roused up and moaned.

"'What is it, darling?'

"'Oh, my throat,' she gasped; 'how I suffer!'

"I went to her, rubbed her hands, tried to warm them in mine.

"'Don't leave me,' she moaned.

"'I must finish my article, darling.'

"'No, no, don't leave me; I can bear the pain better when you hold my hands.'

"I remained by her, tried to soothe her as she tossed from side to side, incoherently muttering: 'Father—forgive—I was wrong—to leave you—but Max—I loved him so—'

"Suddenly a wild cry—a short silence—a husky rattling in the throat—then all was still.

"The candle burned to the socket, at this moment spluttered, flared up and expired, leaving me in darkness.

"I stood there, I know not how long, mechanically holding her hands. Then I cried: 'Elise!' No answer. Again I called. Just then a moonbeam crept through the window, and showed me the glazed stare of the dead.

"I did not cry; I could not shed a tear. I knew the awful calamity that had befallen me, but was senseless as a brute. Can any one explain this strange phenomenon? I can't; I have no time; I am in a hurry to join my darling."

The officer's eyes were dim as, slowly replacing the paper, he murmured: "Poor boy."

John Marchmont was seated in the library of his stately home. He was a proud-looking man, with stern lines about the mouth denoting repressed suffering. Now and then his lips would quiver, his hands be pressed to his brow, as if to crush back some painful memory.

Twenty years ago his dying wife had laid a little golden-haired girl in his arms, begging him to be good to her, for her sake; that child became the delight of his life, the only thing he lived and cared for.

Scarcely eighteen, with no mother's hand to guide her, she eloped and married a handsome young man of pleasing address, but miserably poor; her father had never forgiven her.

To-day a wave of love and remorse sweeps over him. He longs for a sight of that sweet girlish face, for the sound of that merry, rippling laughter, but can only see her pleading eyes when she came in piteous repentance, imploring his forgiveness—can only hear the cruel words he heaped upon her, calling on God to curse him if he ever looked upon her face again.

A servant enters: "Some one to see you, sir," ushering in an officer of the law.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Marchmont; you are summoned to identify a young man we believe to be your absconding clerk."

"Why annoy me with it?" he haughtily demanded.

"Arrest him, and let the law take its course."

"He is beyond the reach of the law, sir; he shot himself last night; you are wanted to identify the body."

Ordering his carriage, they were soon rolling through streets little frequented by the rich.

They stopped in front of a tenement-house, climbed weary flights of stairs until they reached a room, already described. Some one had thrown sheet over the dead bodies, their rigid outlines sharply defined beneath its folds.

The officer drew back the covering. With the bitter cry, "Oh, my God!" John Marchmont looked upon the face of his dead child.

It is unnecessary to say Maxwell Grey was not the absconding clerk. His tragical death, and that of his young wife, created a great sensation, investing everything concerning him with especial interest; all he had ever written was eagerly sought for. His unpublished novel, so curiously refused by King & Co., was brought out a few weeks later, by that same firm, with a glowing tribute from the editor, "declaring it a work of rare merit, and deeply deplored the death of the gifted author."

The novel had a great run—is now entering its tenth edition.

Was this Success or Failure?

JUST now, when "dog stories" are so much in vogue, it would be specially interesting to have some account of the canine pets of eminent statesmen. It is recorded that during his recent stay at his Dieppe residence, Lord Salisbury was never seen out except in the company of "a most formidable-looking mastiff." After the wonderful anecdotes we have all read lately, the familiar story of the Conservative dog who always growled when the name of a Liberal statesman was mentioned seems quite tame and commonplace. At the moment I can only recall two other eminent political dogs—Prince Bismarck's famous Danish hound, and Mr. Gladstone's black Pomeranian "Petz," which divides its affection in equal shares between its venerable master and his little grandchild, Dorothy Drew. But there must be other canine favorites of leading statesmen of whom the world would be glad to hear.

The world's average hourly consumption of household coal is ten thousand tons, but as the average hourly production is more than six times that amount there is a considerable margin left.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throal and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for "ervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints." Having tested it wonderfully upon patients in India, America, and Europe, and finding remarkable results, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 830 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



THE KHEDIVE'S STATE BALL AT THE ABD



THE ABDEEN PALACE, CAIRO.—THE BARN DANCE.

## REDMOND ON HOME RULE.

At no time for the past fifteen years has the cause of national self-government in Ireland been in as perilous a position as it is at this moment. Of the ultimate success of that cause no responsible politician of any party entertains any doubt whatever. It is in the nature of things impossible for the present system to permanently continue; but unfortunately the events of the past four or five years have thrown back the realization of the hopes of Irishmen so seriously that he would be a sanguine man indeed who would hope to see a Parliament in College Green for many weary years to come. The fault of this primarily rests, it must in can be for admitted, with Irishmen themselves. Five years ago we were upon the very threshold of Home Rule. Our enemies had done their worst against us, and they had been defeated. They had tried coercion, and the weapon had broken in their hands. They had attempted to remove the more glaring of our grievances, and as our people became more prosperous and more secure in their homes, they became more determined Home Rulers. For the first time since the Union in 1801 Ireland had five-sixths of her members united in a powerful and disciplined force in the English Parliament, but not of it, holding the balance of power between English parties and ready, in the interests of their country, to make Government an impossibility and Parliamentary institutions a farce unless Irish rights were conceded. In rapid succession they had destroyed two powerful administrations—a Liberal one first, then a Conservative one—and finally they had coerced Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party to a lopsided Home Rule. All this had been the work of one man, who by his indomitable will and his far-seeing genius had raised himself to the position of one of the greatest men in Europe. At his back were ranged not merely Irish Nationalists at home, but those many millions of our race throughout the world who for the first time in their history really united and by their union made the cause of their country irresistible. So strong was Ireland's position at that moment that men of all parties in Great Britain regarded Home Rule in some shape or form as one of the certainties of the immediate future. For the calamity which followed, and which has left Ireland disunited, powerless and wretchedly hopeless, Irishmen themselves are unfortunately to blame. The unsuccessful revolt against Mr. Parnell in the interests of the English Liberal party, and the great leader's sudden and tragic death, transformed the entire political situation. Irish independence disappeared, Irish union at home and abroad was broken, and to-day we are in a more impotent and hopeless position than we were fifteen years ago. The revolt against Mr. Parnell was dictated by a desire to retain the alliance with English Liberals, to gratify Mr. Gladstone and to forward the interests of his party. The strangest thing about the sequel is that in the wreck of Ireland's hopes the Liberal party has been shattered, and the disappearance of Mr. Gladstone and his party from power followed speedily upon the treachery to Mr. Parnell. It is safe to say that the overwhelming majority of the Irish people to-day recognize with bitterness of heart the folly of their action, and were the Parnell crisis to arise over again they would stand by their own leader and allow English politicians, no matter how illustrious, and English parties, no matter how smooth-tongued, to take care of themselves. The past, however, cannot be undone, and the question of the present for Irishmen is, What can now under existing circumstances, be done to forward the cause they have at heart?

The plain facts of the present situation are, first, Nationalist Ireland is divided, and second, there is an English Government in office with a Parliamentary majority of one hundred and fifty pledged to resist Home Rule to the last. Of these two facts the first is unquestionably the most serious for Ireland. Parliamentary majorities are short-lived; they come into existence no one knows how, they often disappear in a night. No Parliamentary majority can prevail against a great principle. A few short years or months are of little account in the life of a nation, even when suffering, as Ireland is, under an oppressive and ruinous system of Government. If Irishmen were but united once more upon a sound principle as they were under Parnell the Tory majority of one hundred and fifty would melt and disappear before men had ceased wondering at its creation. But Ireland, on the contrary, is torn and distract-ed. What is it that keeps her so? It is not an easy task to answer this question satisfactorily in a brief space. Some of the chief causes may, however, be set forth.

The present majority of the Irish members led by Mr. Justin McCarthy have for good or ill thrown in their lot with the English Liberal party. They deserted and destroyed Mr. Parnell at its bidding. All during the three years of the late Parliament Mr. McCarthy held the balance of power in the House of Commons, to use his own phrase he "held the Government in the hollow of his hand." Never once did he use that enormous power for the benefit of Ireland. He and his men became mere members of the rank and file of the Liberal party, their most obedient, faithful servants. They threw away their arms and trusted to "the honor of the Liberal party" and "the good-will of the English democracy," with the result that while the last Parliament passed many most useful measures for Great Britain, it passed no measure whatever for Ireland; it left the political prisoners in penal servitude, it maintained in full force all the machinery of corruption and oppression in Dublin Castle which Mr. Gladstone had so frequently and eloquently denounced, and the Government, before it left office last June, had, through its new leader, Lord Rosebery, to all intents and purposes abandoned Home Rule. This policy, condemned by the history of every Irish party since the Union, condemned afresh by the experience of the past four years, is still the policy of Mr. McCarthy. He and his friends are now part and parcel of the Liberal party. So long as this is so, union in Ireland is an impossibility.

The Parnellites differ fundamentally from this policy. We believe in the principle of independent opposition. We think Ireland should not hang on to the skirts of any English party. We trust to the

strength of our own combinations rather than to the good-will of English politicians for the success of our cause. Parnell made it inconvenient to the Liberal party to oppose Home Rule. Mr. McCarthy made it pleasant and easy for the same party to abandon it and to humbug Ireland. So long as this policy is maintained it is incumbent upon us to oppose Mr. McCarthy and endeavor to rally the people once more round an independent party and a sound principle. There are, however, other obstacles to union of a more personal character. The men who bound Mr. Parnell to death can never succeed in uniting their countrymen around them. For the most part they are men who had been raised by him from obscurity to positions of honor, who owed everything they possessed to his friendship and confidence. At the time of his trouble they had rushed to his side and publicly vowed, as Mr. Healy did in the Leinster Hall, that if Ireland deserted Parnell Ireland would be no longer his country. They had unanimously re-elected him their leader after the divorce court scandal, and had declared that if he wanted to retire they would not allow him to do so, and had solemnly called on him to do his duty and stick to his post "at the wheel." Immediately after this, in obedience to the orders of Mr. Gladstone, they turned upon their benefactor, friend and leader, denounced him as a rogue, a thief, a traitor and declared they would "drive him into the grave or a lunatic asylum." They made the very atmosphere foul with coarse and ribald abuse of an unhappy woman, and finally they succeeded in breaking the heart of the most honest and the kindest, as well as the ablest, Irishman of our times. Political memories no doubt are short, but the memory of these things is personal. It is easy to preach forgetfulness and an oblivion of the past, but so long as human nature remains what it is the memory of such things as these will influence men's minds, and I again assert that it is hopeless to expect that Irishmen will ever unite around men with such a record as I have described.

There is another matter which must be taken into account. The McCarthyite party is at this moment divided against itself. Mr. Healy has formed a party of his own, and is now directing against Mr. McCarthy and Mr. John Dillon some of those poisoned weapons which he used with such success, and with their approval, against Mr. Parnell. Herein lies the real hope of union in Ireland. The McCarthyite policy has been a patent failure. It is breaking up. When Mr. Healy has succeeded in destroying it and has ruined himself, as is highly probable, in the process a new party will take its place based upon sound principles, and round its standard the Irish people will once more rally. Till that day comes Ireland will be unable, and will most certainly not deserve, to win Home Rule.

So far I have said nothing on the clerical question, but in any honest survey of the position it cannot be shirked. Ever since the overthrow of Mr. Parnell the Church has been quite supreme in the politics of Ireland. It is no exaggeration to say that had the bishops and priests held aloof at the elections not a dozen of the McCarthyites members would have been elected. This demonstration of the power of the Church has revived the chief difficulty in the way of Home Rule in the minds of Englishmen. The idea that Home Rule would mean Rome Rule was almost dispelled by Mr. Parnell. It has once more been revived by the events of the last few years. The assumption on the part of certain bishops and priests to dictate with authority the action of Catholics upon purely political affairs has raised an issue of the very gravest concern to the people. No people more devoted to their religion exists to-day than the Irish people, none who yield more unquestioning obedience to their pastors in matters of religion; but in politics we Parnellites claim absolute freedom of thought and action. We freely recognize the right of ecclesiastics to enjoy all the privileges of citizenship, but we resent and denounce all attempts on their part to exercise ecclesiastical authority in political affairs. For this we have been denounced as enemies of religion, and the electors have been warned from the altar not to vote for us. When Ireland is once more united it must be upon the great principle of freedom of conscience in political affairs, for which we are now struggling and without which there can never be that civil and religious liberty which is the very soul of an enlightened and prosperous nation.

These obstacles in the way of a reunion of Irishmen are not insurmountable. The process upon which we are engaged is a slow one, but it is sure. At this moment in Ireland, in the midst of the depression, the apathy and perhaps I might say the despair of so many, there is a distinct revival of Parnellism, a distinct revulsion from the principles and the practices of the McCarthyites and an almost universal recognition of the folly of throwing over Mr. Parnell to placate the English Nonconformist conscience. The new Parliament will probably last five or six years. Before the expiration of that time I expect to see the present McCarthyite party shattered to pieces and a new independent party in its place. Then and not till then will Home Rule once more come to the front.

Meantime the new Government has announced their intention of turning their serious consideration to the material needs of the country. If they have an alternative policy to Home Rule they have now an unexampled opportunity of testing it. A great deal of nonsense has been written about the return of a Coercionist Government to power. There will be no coercion. There will be nobody to coerce. There will be little or no public agitation on the agrarian question. Not that agitation is not needed. On the contrary, in many parts of Ireland there is at this time most acute agricultural depression; but the fact is there is no one to create and lead a new movement at present. During the contest with Mr. Parnell Mr. John Dillon said if the Tories came back to office he would once more "draw his sword." "Take care," replied Mr. Parnell, "lest you have no sword to draw." Mr. Dillon would head any agitation if he could, but his power is gone. There will be no agitation this winter and there will be no coercion. The new Government will in truth have a fair field for their policy. They are opposed to Home Rule, but short of that they declare their willingness to govern Ireland justly. Let them make the experiment. If they fail, the argument for Home Rule will

be complete. If they succeed, Ireland will receive benefits which will enable her all the more irresistibly to enforce her claim to self-government in the future. In everything good and useful proposed by the new Government we will aid them. There are countless grievances awaiting reform. We are not afraid of a remedial policy. We know the demand for self-government does not rest upon material grievances. It has its origin in the instinct of nationality which is indestructible. If the people were base enough to surrender their claim to national life in exchange for benefits from an English Government, then they would not deserve self-government at all. Therefore we welcome the experiment about to be tried. We have no doubt as to the result. The new Government will find out, as so many other Governments have found out in the past, that they are incapable of understanding and governing Ireland well. Their best-intentioned efforts will fail, and though I hope the people may reap some material benefits in the process, the end of it will be the resuscitation of Home Rule as the one great political issue of the day.

J. E. REDMOND.

7 BELVIDERE PLACE, DUBLIN.

## A READING CIRCLE AT HOME.

It is necessary to announce, in reply to numerous inquiries, that the FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY will be sold only in connection with a subscription to the WEEKLY and the LIBRARY, or with a full subscription to WEEKLY, LIBRARY and SET OF STANDARD BOOKS, the former \$5.00 per year, the latter \$6.50, payable \$1.00 down and 50 cents a month. The extremely low rates and liberal terms offered you for both subscriptions, involving the finest of the first-class literature of the day, make it impossible for us to do a paying business with the LIBRARY separately.

The WEEKLY each week speaks for itself, and it is neither necessary nor our custom to call attention to its many merits. It is sufficient to insist that the WEEKLY is fully equal to the best of the illustrated journals whose regular subscription is \$4.00 per year cash in advance. The subscriber knows—and the reader who is not a subscriber will readily see—that this journal is not of the cheap kind—that there is nothing cheap or flashy about it from the type, paper and press-work to its leading and special articles.

For the special \$5.00 annual subscription, payable as above, the WEEKLY will be mailed to your address, and besides it every two weeks you will receive a volume of a new, high-class novel by the best living authors—such as Mrs. Oliphant, Edgar Fawcett, Sir Walter Besant, Justin McCarthy, David Christie Murray and others. In a word, you will receive an up-to-date newspaper every week, and a chance to keep in touch with modern literature by reading novels by the best living authors every two weeks.

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The subscription to the WEEKLY, FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY and Set of Books is one of the great modern conveniences for the Reading Public, to keep that Public well supplied on terms and at prices that will scarcely be felt by the subscriber. The value is indisputable and the terms are practically your own.

As the winter is creeping on apace, it will pay to take advantage of this scheme for a good supply of good reading during the long evenings that are so favorable for that most pleasant and profitable species of entertainment at the fireside.

"MR. DAVID PLUNKET, just created a peer, is the only living Irishman who can speak pathetically about his country," says the *Saturday Review*, "without being ridiculous or exaggerated. He has, as is well known, a serious impediment in his utterance, but when he has prepared a speech the stammer disappears, and when he is answering a question impromptu it adds piquancy to his jests. Some one asked him, when he was First Commissioner of Works, whether he would provide a dressing-room in the House of Commons. 'I can well understand,' stuttered David Plunket, 'that it may sometimes be convenient for p-politicians to change their g-garments.' Socially he is infinitely winning, but he is too indolent and too fastidious for the cut-throat competition of modern politics. It is understood, however, that he will continue to take an active part in politics, and the House of Lords will be a more congenial arena for this graceful, handsome Irishman, who is another of the childless peers, for he is a bachelor, and without wealth."

THE first thimble introduced into Siam was a bridal gift from the King to the Queen; it is shaped like a lotus bud, made of gold, and thickly studded with diamonds arranged to spell the Queen's name.

A STRAIGHT LINE.

A QUICK LINE.

A THROUGH LINE.

A Popular Line.

To all points in New York State.

The Modern West Shore Railroad.

Elegant Sleeping Cars.

Five Fast Trains to the West.

Have you ever ridden on the National Express—the new limited train to Buffalo? It leaves New York 7:30 P.M., and arrives there early next morning.

## DOWN IN A CANADIAN COAL MINE.

BY JEREMY CLAY.

TO have been "down in a coal mine," into the bowels of the earth, where darkness Plutonian is and day light can never be, is an experience unique and impressive that, from the very essence and profound quality of the mine's blackness and environment, will *lighten* recollection, and remain a picture stamped as indelibly upon the memory as a silhouetted cameo within a frame of gold.

The Indian Summer morning broke superbly fine over Sydney Harbor, Cape Breton; and when we arose, perforce early, and looked out of our hotel window fronting the arm of the sea and saw how blue and cloudless the sky stretched like a benediction over all of the world within our vision, how blue and fleckless the harbor lay before and below, and how very dreamful and autumnally still the hazy old earth lay on either shore, we regretted that we were inevitably billeted for a journey, even if an initial and *outlandish* one, that would take us utterly beyond and beneath the beauty of the Indian Summer's day.

Nevertheless, we tasted the glory and the material benefit of it and of our early rising through the open window of the hotel, as we breakfasted with relish upon the fish fresh caught from the sea, and drank our fragrant coffee; and not less during the subsequent half-hour's ride as we ran out from the town on the early morning train to our first mine.

One must be prepared for the unexpected, and for unconventional treatment of a seemingly tyrannical order upon arriving at the mine. For, from the novel and unimagined nature of the experience to be, the unexpected occurs. They thrust you into garments whose preposterous proportions, color and contour are but faintly indicated by the term "unconventional"; and in the hands of the gentlemanly but firm janitor who looks after visitors you feel meekly and weakly that you are in the power of a most inflexible and even gleefully willful guide, who is laughing in his sleeve at you and wondering why on earth—which you very soon won't see—you ever cared to come on such a quest.

"A tyrant; but our tyrants then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen."

Standing at the top of the shaft, waiting for the grimy cage to come up from its depths of gloom, we surveyed one another, and smiled. We were enveloped in suits of yellow oilskin, *à la* Niagara Falls, four sizes at least too many for the wearer, even down to—or up to—the largest man in the party, feeling that we had possibly a one-to-three chance of eventually finding our way out of this bilious, buttonless veneer which the gentlemanly janitor at the top of the shaft had insisted, for the sake of our clothes, not ourselves, upon putting over us.

The cage came up at last, with a rush; and four miners, denizens of the depths to which we were as yet utter strangers, stepped out, and with bent heads and shoulders, a position contracted through constant stooping in the lower portions of the slope, walked quickly off to their homes near by with scarce a curious glance at our metropolitan selves. To us they looked impressive, these miners, despite their soiled faces, their black and greasy clothes, and their shambling gait—impressive as the playthings of a fate which had decreed that they should spend the bonnie hours of sunshine in the heart of blackness.

We stepped gingerly into the cage—the very dirtiest elevator from the nature of its vocation, and the least luxurious it was ever my experience to descend—and, thank Heaven! ascend—in. Then, with the all-right signal given from below, down we went; and the heaven and the earth, the wide and smiling sea, the faces of our curious and expectant friends, and the grimy, half-cynical countenances of the miners who were awaiting their turn, disappeared, and we went down! down! Daylight fled swiftly and almost instantaneously from our vision, and we *felt* speeding by us, rather than saw, the walls of the black abyss, the perpendicular shaft, down which we sped so speedily, yet with so smoothly; and that seemed to our alert imagination, quickened rather than dulled, like an interminable throat with an equally endless palate which was swallowing us with implacable swiftness (suggestive of subsequent indigestion) and yet epicurean enjoyment.

But more profound than the celerity of our descent, more dramatically impressive than the darkness, was the resounding and strident accompaniment to this seemingly endless, unfathomable plunge—the rattle of the creaking and vibrant cables, the deep-mouthed and unbroken roar of the descent!

Now the rattle and clatter of the cars in the slope, which we were nearing, and the voices of the miners there at work, came up and met our sensitive hearing, and grew clearer as we dropped steadily toward the mine. And suddenly we ran up against the bottom, as it were, and stopped off into space. The miners who had awaited our arrival greeted us with a "large white smile," as Mr. George Moore has it. To me they seemed for the moment like some of those strange individuals that have peopled Mr. Rider Haggard's imagination and books, but who were wholesomely glad, not arrogantly sorry, to see ordinary children from the surface lap of Mother Earth. They were cordial, these miners, in their undemonstrative and reserved way, as was evidenced by the welcoming gleam of their teeth, which was all that we could for the moment see, but was as vividly visible as a perspective procession of electric lamps down an otherwise blank avenue; or, better still, file of snowshoers' torches winding up Mount Royal on a dark night.

Then, when we had grown partially accustomed to the darkness, and altogether brave and reckless, putting our feet out as if we could see every inch of our prospective way, instead of seeing nothing but blackness and teeth and the whites of eyes, and the little lamps in the caps of the miners, the latter gave us a little lamp each also wherewith to keep ourselves from retiring at any stage of the game into utter and irredeemable oblivion.

These lamps were little oil-fed affairs, about the size of the average five-o'clock teapot, supplied with a wick

## The Drawback to Intellect.



1. A word to the ladies before it is too late.  
Don't do it! Dr. Charles Brown says that  
the cleverest women are the ugliest, and that  
what women gain intellectually by the higher  
education now in vogue she will lose in beauty  
and grace.

There was a time, before the higher education of women, when she  
was beautiful to look upon, and had much hair; and man was  
attracted.

2. Then she said modestly, "I will improve my mind!" and men fell a-sighing,  
gazing, yearning, indulging, magnifying, a shadowy fondness of her in them.

3. Then what happened? Well, the very next month of course she  
had beautiful hair again!

6. Then, in a fit of desperation, men  
took her books and made a bonfire of them.  
Women were enraged.

7. In a year from that date, she had become more beautiful than ever, was once  
more hair, and men were again attracted.

that, despite its appearing four sizes too large for the aperture, seemed constantly inclined to shrink back, snail-like, down the spout and be preserved in oil. I found myself during our progress down the slope a prey to intermittent worry over this trifle, alarmed lest my wick should escape me altogether; and one imprudent youth went into opaque retirement somewhere and divested himself of his lemon-colored garments to get at his pocket-knife with which he intended pricking up his retiring wick to a sense of its responsibility. But not having the combination necessary to the putting together of his oilskins again, and having very unwisely left the hotel in a fifty-dollar suit of English tweed of late acquisition, to say nothing of his friends having disappeared round a bend in the slope and of his not being of a venturesome disposition, he stayed where he was, two hours and a half, watching, or rather hearing, the cars rattle by, and feeling as if he had been sentenced by fate to solitary confinement and gloom forever. When we returned and found him, or he found us, he claimed to have seen much more of the mine than we had, since he had spent ages in it; but we made him believe that this fallacy was the result of a disordered imagination.

We trudged along in Indian file down the slope, holding our little beacons aloft, and looking, I dare say, not unlike a shaft of very yellow sunshine that had wandered by some mischance into the murky arms of an old and eternally sunless street. We saw the pick and cutting machine, boring irresistibly into the beds of coal, and tirelessly supplying the cars that carry the substance to the foot of the shaft, where it is hurried up to the top in elevators, there screened, and then transported by rail to the great cooling piers by the sea.

We visited the stables of the mine, where the horses and mules who play their dumb but important part in the working of this great underground machinery, are fed and bedded. The stalls and surrounding walls being whitewashed, and well lighted, and the stables kept admirably clean and the animals well cared for, this subterranean equine hotel was like a white oasis in a desert of comparative darkness, suggesting, in its humble way, something of the world a thousand feet above.

Now and again, as we pursued our way down the slope and toward the sea, some miners with their little

lamps at their foreheads, like the eye of Cyclops, would loom up in the murky distance and presently pass swiftly by us, hurrying to the open air and home. One feature of our journey which struck me as pathetically human was the inevitable manner in which the short men of the party would bob their heads and walk in a stooping position in portions of the slope where the men six feet high were able to stride along erect.

When we had reached the limit of the slope, and subsequently our own, and were well-nigh a thousand feet beyond the margin of the sea and under it, we returned to the shaft in a train of loaded cars, being ourselves located in three or four "empties," which were placed in the centre of the train. We nestled down in the corners of these little boxes, keeping our heads carefully low; for in portions of the slope at the lower end the rock overhead could have been touched by the hand fram where we sat. It was a novel and noisy ride, if a slightly uncomfortable one; and we talked at the top of our voices and sang choruses as we rattled up the slope and until we reached the vicinity of the shaft.

Strange and impressive and wonderful, even to the superficial mind, is the first visit to a great mine, with its eternal gloom and capricious glimmer of small lights, will o' the wisps coming and going; the almost ceaseless clatter up and down this subterranean thoroughfare of the cable-drawn cars; the voices of the miners; the noise of the coal-laden elevators bound upward, the crash as they descend to the bottom of the shaft, as if hungrily for more; and the inharmonious din and ear-splitting loudness of the busy life of the whole.

Upward, earthward, even skyward-bound at last! The black circumference of the shaft slips by, the sound and voices of the industry and miners left below grow faint and fainter. Then a shy dawn breaks downward, and daylight greets us once more. Faces and forms grow distinct again; and a trifle of time later we are removing the grimy traces of our visit from the first and our gambe misfits from the last.

OTTAWA, NOV. 9, 1895.

THE first portrait in profile was that of Antigonus in 330 B.C., who, having but one eye, was so portrayed to conceal the deformity.



THE NEW SCORE.

## COLONEL WILLIAM HAMILTON HARRIS.

A gallant American soldier and a very sagacious business man was Colonel William Hamilton Harris, who died of Bright's disease of the kidneys in Genoa, Italy, on the 6th inst. He was a graduate of the University of Rochester and also of the West Point Military Academy. He served with distinction through the War of Rebellion, remaining in the army until 1870, when he engaged very actively in business, and continued to manage large railroad and mining interests until a few years preceding his death. The most notable of his more recent undertakings was a contract for the drainage of the valley of Mexico, which he prosecuted with vigor to the entire satisfaction of the Government.

Colonel Harris was every inch the soldier and carried into his private business pursuits the energy, determination and sagacity which distinguished his military career. In personal appearance he was not unlike Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *Herald*—a

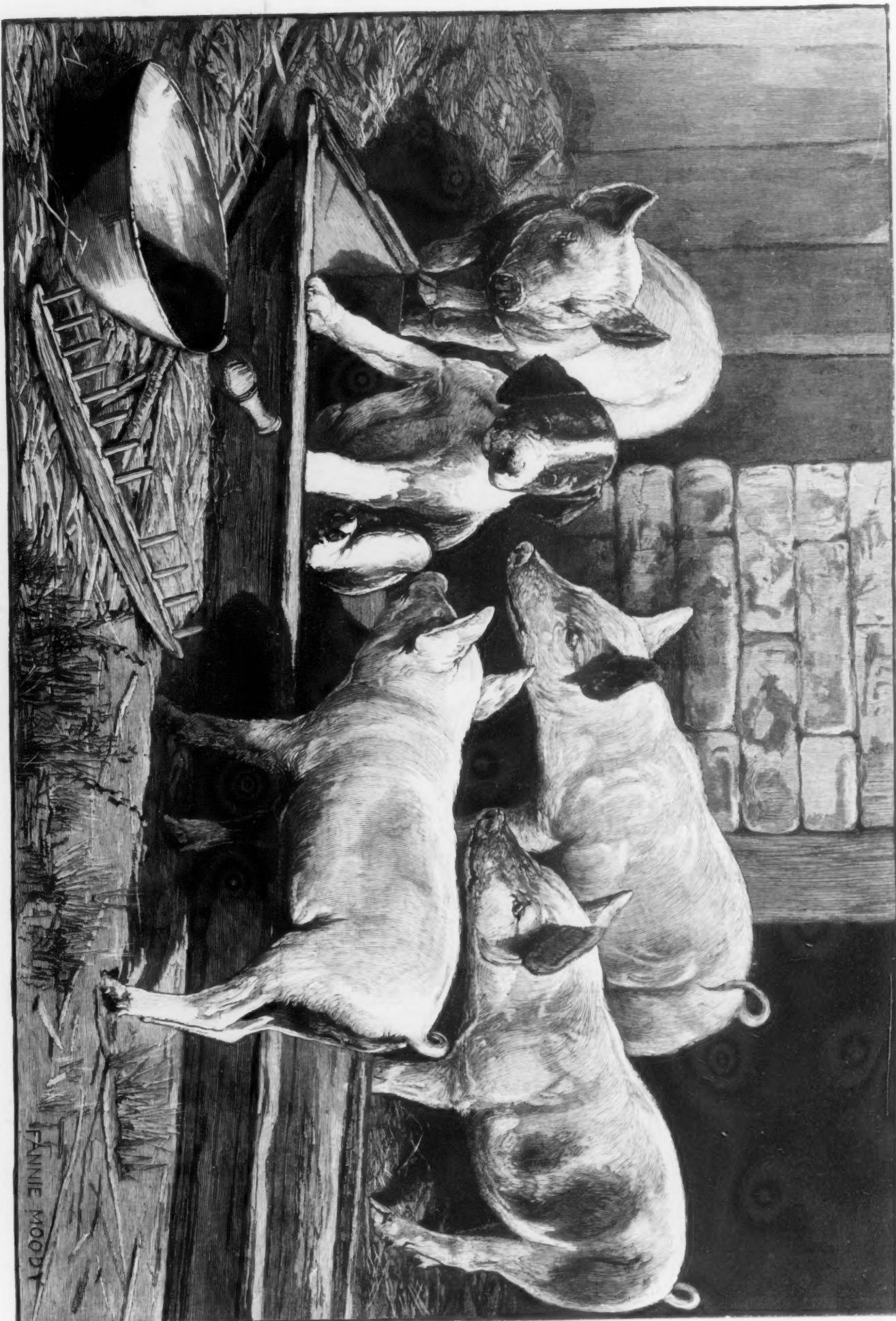
fact which on more than one occasion led to his being mistaken for the distinguished journalist.

Shortly after his graduation from West Point he married Miss Emma Wirt of Cleveland, O., by whom he had two lovely daughters, one of whom was with him at the time of his death. The other is now Mrs. Albert Symington of this city.

It appears from a recent number of the *Revue Scientifique* that, although the scientific knowledge of the Chinese at the present day is very limited and purely elementary in its character, it was not always so. It is known that more than two thousand years before the Christian era their knowledge of astronomy was very extensive. Emperor Yao, who reigned in 2357 B.C., having done much to advance the study of that science. At his direction the astronomers discovered that the year consisted of a little less than three hundred and sixty-six days, divided the year into lunar

months and indicated the years in which the additional lunar month ought to be included. Chemistry has, apparently, never been studied, unless by a certain sect, the Tao-tse, who spent all their time trying to discover the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. Medical science has never made any progress there, owing, probably, to the fact that Buddhism forbids the dissection of bodies. Geology, too, has never been studied very deeply. The Emperor Kang-hi, who lived in the seventeenth century, and under whom the country reached the height of civilization, had a great love of study. The Jesuit missionaries instructed him in geometry and physics, and he translated several textbooks into Chinese. China's decline has been attributed to the Tartar domination.

THE word "kickshaws" is a corruption of the French "quelquechose," and "gewgaws" represents the French "joujoux," meaning playthings.



## THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. S. S. WOOD.

## LETTERS, BADGES, CHARTERS.



BADGE OF THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

—Once a week will not be too often—from every club. Write

just what you have done or tried to do; what happy thoughts you are striving to carry out, and with what success.

Write what games you have played, and see which club and which member will devise the happiest entertainments. By and by, quite unexpectedly perhaps to many of you, COLLIER'S WEEKLY may announce one or more prizes to be awarded those who have given or who shall give the very best entertainment, and those who have done or who shall do the most effective, happy work. Surprises and prizes are planned far in advance for our busy, helpful workers, but I must not say any more about these at present.

The topic of absorbing interest just now is, Who will be the fortunate winner of the ten handsome prizes already offered? Don't think you are too late to try, because some of those first sent may have made mistakes that will bar them out. A club, you know, cannot properly be said to be organized until it has its full complement of officers. Some young people may have been needless in this matter, or may not have cared to work quite industriously enough to secure a sufficient number of members. So don't give up trying. Some one may come in for a prize at the very last moment; there is no knowing. But whether a prize shall be won or not, every girl and boy who organizes a club, or helps to do so, will be amply repaid in other ways; many pleasures and honors will be connected with the Happy Thought Clubs.

I have been requested to extend the time for awarding the prize for the best article or essay on our emblems, their significance, and so forth. I wish that every club member would write me something about them. You can probably have little idea how much there is of interest to learn about the dear, bright-hued pansy and the beautiful, fragrant, sweet sultan, until search for it shall be begun. Who knows what countries these flowers are natives of, or, as the botanists would say, indigenous to? Who can tell how many different names have been given the pansy, and what they are, or how many poets have immortalized in rhyme the flower we all love so dearly? Who knows just what care to give these plants that they may flourish best?

When quite a little girl I remember standing one afternoon before a large bed of brilliant pansies in my grandmother's garden, when my grandfather, a feeble old man with beautiful silvery white hair, came slowly down the garden walk. He, too, paused by the pansy bed, and leaning on his stout cane, bent over the flowers. He spoke to me of their beauty, and when I asked, "Grandpa, which do you think is the very prettiest one of them all?" slowly shook his head, as he replied, "That is hard to tell; they are all so pretty. They look to me like bright little faces. Do they look to you like faces?" Then he pointed to a beautifully colored one with dark velvety purple and pale lilac petals, and said, "I think I like that as well as any—or that," indicating one with rich bronze and deep yellow petals. "I don't know, though, that is very pretty, too," he added, after a moment, pointing to a third. So, now, looking back on that picture—a large, old-fashioned garden, a beautiful blossoming white rose-bush close by the bed of brilliant-hued pansies, with a portly man of more than fourscore years and a little girl in a light cambric dress bending over the flowers—I believe that the dear grandfather, with all his wisdom and experience, could not tell which of all the bright blossoms he liked best, because all were so beautiful. Who will find out the lesson this should teach us, and write me what it is? I think it is like solving a riddle or a puzzle to learn the hidden meaning or significance that almost everything has.

The Happy Thought Club badges are made from an entirely new and original design. Among the hundreds of badges that I have seen, not one of them all can compare, either in beauty of design or in workmanship, with ours; and so several excellent judges have decided: They are made of the new and popular metal, aluminum. It is equally as handsome as silver, and has two advantages over silver. One is its lightness, and the other the fact that it will not readily tarnish. It is also less expensive. They will be made of the very best quality of this metal; and while badges of equal value and workmanship cannot be purchased singly for less than about one dollar and fifty cents, by ordering them in very large quantities, COLLIER'S WEEKLY is able to furnish one, postpaid, to every member of a Happy Thought Club, for only fifty cents. But even better than that can be done.

Among the happy thoughts that I am especially eager to have every club member carry out is that of self-reliance—of self-help. If, instead of asking father or mother for the money with which to buy a badge, every girl or boy should in some manner earn it for herself or for himself, not only would the badge be much more highly prized, but it would be laying one of the little bricks that go to build—not a house, or a church—but something of infinite importance—a character. Therefore, all those who can, will, I hope, try in some way to themselves earn the money for their

badges. Brush the dust off your thinking caps, place them straight upon your heads, and see what plans you can devise. Some will probably be able to earn the money in a way that it may be worth while for other members to know of, as it may help them. So I wish that every club member who shall do this, or even who tries to do it and fails, would write fully the particulars. Those who succeed will have a place on one of our honor rolls.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY will help its young readers all that is possible; and to this end offers a badge *FREE* to every Happy Thought Club member, *but to such members only*, who will send one dollar for a four months' subscription to the paper. These subscriptions may be in the member's own name or in the name of any one not at present a subscriber; but the badge will be sent to the club member. Nothing so liberal as this has, I believe, ever before been offered. COLLIER'S WEEKLY likes to help young people; now let us see what the young people will do to help themselves. We shall publish before many weeks an Honor Roll, that will include the names of all who shall have obtained badges in this way.

I would like to hear frequently just what you have done or tried to do; what happy thoughts you are striving to carry out, and with what success. Write what games you have played, and see which club and which member will devise the happiest entertainments. By and by, quite unexpectedly perhaps to many of you, COLLIER'S WEEKLY may announce one or more prizes to be awarded those who have given or who shall give the very best entertainment, and those who have done or who shall do the most effective, happy work. Surprises and prizes are planned far in advance for our busy, helpful workers, but I must not say any more about these at present.

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Will every girl and boy who is at all interested in the happy thought project write and tell me so, even if no idea of organizing a club is entertained? Perhaps some have tried to do so and failed. I would like letters, containing full particulars, from all such also, and possibly I can help them to yet succeed. But if you are at all interested in the Happy Thought Club, if you think it is a good idea, if you would like to become a member, even if positive that you cannot, please write and say so. If any think the Happy Thought Club is not a good idea; if there is a girl or boy who does not wish to join the organization, I would like such also to write and tell me this fact, stating their reasons. Perhaps it will help me. In any case, I should very greatly appreciate a letter of some kind from every girl and boy who reads COLLIER'S WEEKLY. Tell me about something you are interested in, even if it should not be the Happy Thought Club, and of what you like best to do.

Some one has inquired the limit of age for membership. Happy thoughts are good for every one, from the wee little toddlers who can as yet only laugh at happiness, who cannot even utter the word, up to the gray-haired grandparents. So I think that no one, on account of age, should be barred out of our union of happy thoughts. I would say that every one who wishes to be bright, cheery and happy, and who has the disposition to help others to be happy, to think kindly thoughts and to perform kindly deeds, is eligible. What do you say about it? I believe in home rule, and that the question of limit in age, if there is to be any limit, should be decided by each club. COLLIER'S WEEKLY would gladly welcome to the grand union of Happy Thought Clubs those of all ages. Perhaps some one's mother or father, or auntie or uncle will see that the Happy Thought Club is so good a thing for the children, that it necessarily must also be good for older people, and we may therefore have adult Happy Thought Clubs. Is this a happy thought? If so, who will be the first to promote it?

CLUBS ORGANIZED,  
418 SOUTH D ST., ARKANSAS CITY, KAN.  
Nov. 4, 1895.

MRS. S. S. WOOD.

DEAR MADAM—I wrote to tell you that I have organized a Happy Thought Club this evening. We received COLLIER'S WEEKLY Saturday evening, and Monday evening at half-past five our club was organized, and we have a splendid club of girls from eleven to fourteen years of age. The names of our club are as follows: Edna Allen, president; Blanche Addison, vice-president; Mary E. White, secretary; Nellie Hamlin, assistant secretary; Pearl Allen, treasurer; Ione White, assistant treasurer; Zora Myers, Frankie Kimmel and Mary C. White, standing committee. The other members are Edith Addison, Verma Croft and Addie Allen. We expect to take in four more girls Saturday evening. We did not elect second vice-president and second vice-secretary, as we did not have a large enough club. One of our happy thoughts is to help the poor all we can this winter, as there are a good many in the city who will need the help. I will write the emblems to-morrow, as I have looked them up and think them very pretty. The pansy is one of my favorite flowers, and we are going to have a member by the name of Pastry Brayton. We have two members by the name of Mary White, and the way we do in the club is to call one Mary E. White, and the other Mary C. White. Your friend,

EDNA ALLEN.

Yes, indeed; the poor will need all the help that can be given them this coming winter. Edna's club has already had one of the very best of happy thoughts, and it is one that every club can share in; for the poor, you know, Jesus said, we always have with us. What club will devise the very best way of helping the poor? —a way that will help those who are not too ill, too infirm or too young, to help themselves. Often, in all this great world, there really seems to be no way in which the very poor can do for themselves, and then the more favored ones should do for them, and do it in accordance with the golden rule. A girl who can write

such an interesting letter as has Edna, will, I am sure, be able to write very entertainingly about our emblems, and I shall await the promised article with much eagerness. My best wishes to Pastry. Is she trying to "live up" to the dear flower of which she is the namesake? A second assistant secretary is not necessary, though there is no objection to having one.

CORBIN, KY., Nov. 5, 1895.

DEAR MRS. WOOD—COLLIER'S WEEKLY reached us at five o'clock Saturday evening, too late to organize a club; but Monday at school I talked it up among my friends and so last night (Monday) we met in mamma's parlor and organized. We have eighteen members, and there are others who want to join at our next meeting. Our membership fee was the only thing that we did not quite agree upon at first, but finally we fixed it at ten cents, so we have a dollar and eighty cents in the treasury. I am nine years old, and it would give me much pleasure to secure one of your prizes. Our present is fifteen and our secretary eleven. We hope to have a pleasant time and to be greatly benefited by our Happy Thought Club. We have eleven girls and seven boys.

Yours very truly,

LIZZIE B. HAWKINS.

All honor to Lizzie! A girl only nine years old has organized the largest club yet reported, though a few others are crowding fast upon it in numbers. I congratulate you, dear. Ten cents was a judicious sum for initiation fees. The money will be needed to help along some happy thought the club will wish to work for. I wonder what club will devise the very best method of earning money for its needs. My best wishes, both for the pleasant times and that the club will prove a benefit. Among the wise old sayings is one to the effect that there is no way in which a person can benefit himself or herself so much as by benefiting some one else; no way in which a person can gain so much happiness as by trying to confer it upon others.

215 SEVENTH ST., OLEAN, N. Y.

Nov. 6, '95.

TO THE EDITOR OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

DEAR SIR—In last week's number of your paper I read the story of Joey Nelliby's Happy Thought Club, and I was very much interested in it; and in this week's paper I was surprised to hear that we, too, could have a Happy Thought Club. I received your paper Monday morning, November 4, at about 10:30 o'clock, and Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock we organized a Happy Thought Club with ten members. A great many, since they have heard that we have a club, are eager to join us. We have taken no boys into our club yet, as I thought it best not to do so until later.

Respectfully yours,

HANNAH LYNCH.

Another rapid worker! Those girls and boys who have the ability to organize clubs with a goodly number of members in so short a time will, in all probability, grow into the women and the men who in life's struggle will be quick to see and to grasp opportunities, and to make the most of them. I shall expect Hannah's club will be one of the steadily growing clubs that will accomplish much practical work.

WOODLAWN, ALA., Nov. 5, '95.

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY," N. Y.—I received your most welcome paper Monday, 5:30 P.M., and had a Happy Thought Club organized by 2:30 P.M. to-day. Where must the club send for badges? And what will they cost? Like the plan very much, and hope a great many more will be organized. When and where will we get our charter? Our club has sixteen members. I hope we will be among the first.

Respectfully, KATE E. ROBINSON.

Well done! You certainly organized with a large number of members to have been gained in so short a time. Evidently you are one of the energetic, business-like girls of America, who believe in success because able to earn it. The questions you ask are, I think, all answered in this week's paper.

Several letters have already been received asking for instructions in regard to forming clubs, from young people who evidently knew nothing about the Happy Thought Club until they saw the illustration of our badge and the accompanying article in COLLIER'S WEEKLY of November 7. If all such will send ten cents for a copy of COLLIER'S WEEKLY dated October 31, they will find in that full information. The story of Joey Nelliby's Club was published the previous week.

Inquiries are also being received in regard to the prizes offered. So the list is published again, with the statement that they will be awarded to those girls or boys who organize the first ten clubs in the shortest space of time.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES OFFERED BY  
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## Fifth Prize.

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## Sixth Prize.

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## Seventh Prize.

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## Eighth Prize.

"CAPITALS OF THE GLOBE," tells about all the great cities of the earth. The volume has marble edges and is very beautiful. It has 300 pictures of famous places throughout the world.

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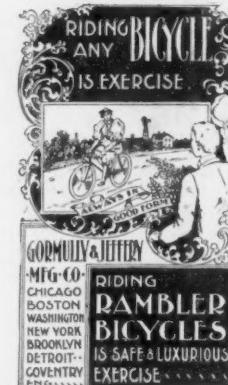
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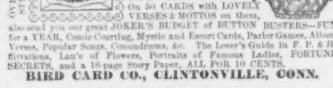
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